

WHICH IS THE WORST?—A liquor seller, in a heated discussion about the Maine Law, exclaimed—

"These temperance men carry matters altogether too far. We never compel men to buy or use liquor, but if they are fools enough to do it, it is their look out, not ours."

"Sir," said a by-stander, "do you say a man is a fool who buys and drinks liquor to excess?"

"Yes, any man is a fool to do it, I don't care who he is," said the liquor dealer.

"Well, sir," replied the by-stander, "I will not dispute you; but if the man who drinks is fool enough to spend his time and money in a way that is ruining his property, character, health, happiness, family, soul and body, what must be the character of the man who will take advantage of his folly, because he can make money by it. If the one is a fool, is not the other a knave?"

#### Luck.

The "Boston Olive Branch" says: We never knew any person employed in the Olive Branch office to have bad luck. A young lady who commenced learning to set types in our office a week since, received notice on Tuesday that \$25,000 had dropped down for her from the skies in the shape of a legacy from a relative; so after helping to get out this paper, "she left."

Mr. Abram Christman, an old and much respected citizen of Harrodsburgh Ky., says the *Ploughboy*, who has been engaged in the grocery business for many years past, and connected with the liquor traffic, rolled out of his store several barrels of whiskey and wine, a few days since and in the presence of a large number of spectators, emptied their contents upon the ground.—*Georgetown Herald*.

"SHOCKING BARRAQUET."—Under this head the *Carrollton (La.) Star*, of the 23d instant, has the following:

We grieve, for the honor of our town, to have to record amongst its weekly news an inhuman outrage practised on the body of an old negro of this place, named Johnson, the slave of Charles Hines, by Hines himself, which resulted in the death of the poor old victim. The negro was nearly ninety years of age, and universally venerated for his qualities of sobriety and honesty, as well as for his great age and revolutionary reminiscences. The monster master, taking umbrage at some petty offence, deliberately whipped, kicked and stamped him to death, as appears by the evidence adduced at the inquest. This occurred on Saturday last.

The fellow feigned sickness, as is supposed, to cover a design of escape, and even had the blasphemous hardihood to affect a fear of immediate death, and to go through the funeral farce of making a public will. Suspicious got abroad, however, from the testimony of neighbors, who heard the cries of agony of the negro and the brutal blows of the fiend, together with the speedy death that ensued, and the suddenness of his burial, and an affidavit was filed, and a warrant issued for his arrest. The fellow succeeded so well in counterfeiting extreme illness, and his going to such lengths in confirmation as making a will, lent such a semblance of sincerity to the mockery, that his physician was deceived into giving him a certificate to the effect that his removal to jail might be dangerous. Officer Kerner, therefore, left two deputies in guard at his residence till Monday, when the body of the negro was disinterred, and an inquest held over by the Coroner.

The unanimous verdict of the jury—several physicians being present also assenting—was that he died from effects of the blows and kicks he had received from his master. Persons who witnessed the examination say that the sight was sickening—his whole back cut and bruised into a jelly, and the lower part of his body nearly kicked to pieces. Immediately after the inquest was over, and the verdict rendered, the warrant was executed, and the monster taken to jail in the city, there being none in this parish. We confess to a feeling of horror and indignation at this act, utterly surpassing any experience of that kind we have ever felt before. No punishment could be too bad for the coward who could thus, in cool malignity, outrage the joint impolicy of age and slavery. Hanging would be too good for him. We thank God that not many such subjects for Mrs. Stowe's studio exist in our midst. Let him go down to fame hand in hand with Legree—a hideous verification of that horrible villain.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—The Governor and Council of New Hampshire have taken time by the forelock, and appointed Thursday, the 24th of November, as a day of thanksgiving and praise.

For the Ohio Organ,  
HIGH HILL, July 26, 1843.

MR. EDITOR:—The present is a season of so much importance to the interests of the temperance cause, that every thing which can be said or done to advance the cause should be now done. Temperance men should now be awake to the importance of immediate and vigorous action. As we are now claiming that we have a right to carry this question to the ballot box and make of it a political question, we should now throw away party prejudices and party preferences, and consider the importance of the present issue as fraught with more vital interests to community than all the party differences of the day. Have we not a right to appeal to the ballot box when humanity is daily outraged by deeds of blood, perpetrated through the influence of rum. Though our township is cursed by the existence of several rum-holes, and though the influence of some Christian brethren is not for us but against us, yet we are not cast down.

Some of our christian brethren seem to have copied the example of Snake-town: And the watchmen upon the walls of Zion refuse through fear of man to warn the flock when the enemy approaches. Is that sentinel true to his master who will suffer the demon alcohol to steal away the purse, the brains and the characters of the flock, without exposing to their view the true character of the demon? What think you, Mr. Editor, of the sincerity of that Christian's faith who may occasionally be seen wending his way to a doggerly of the lowest grade in defiance of the denunciations pronounced by God upon the drunkard, when this same Christian can listen upon the Sabbath day with seeming reverence to the expositions of that holy law which says "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of Heaven?"

Our High Hill Division No. 643, is prospering gloriously, notwithstanding it meets with the usual opposition of pretended moralists who look not upon our good works but urge imaginary attendant evils.

Yours in L. P. & F.,  
YOUNG AMERICA.

#### Clinton County.

DEAR BRO. CLARK:—While writing on business, I would say for the encouragement of those engaged in the noble enterprise of temperance, that we are up and at work in this section of the country, and that old Clinton will go in for the Maine liquor law or one of a similar character. Bro. Cary was in our county seat (Wilmington) last week, and no doubt much good was the result. Several of our citizens were on hand on that occasion and were very much pleased; and I heard some of the most prominent men of Wilmington say (who, by the by, had grown cold upon the subject) that their backslidings were healed, and were now prepared for the battle the ensuing campaign. And further, our ministers are taking a noble stand against the enemy of God and man, old King Alcohol, and are preaching against the old gentleman. Some that are making objections think or at least say that it is a political question and ministers should have nothing to do with it; and politicians or demagogues say it belongs to Christians; and so they have it. But the secret of this whole matter is, the persons making such objections are opposed to the Maine Liquor Law, or any thing that would remove the monster from our midst; but nevertheless we are determined to beard the old scoundrel in his den and do what we can in our weak way in destroying him, and its effects will then cease, and not until then.

If you think the foregoing remarks worthy of a place in the Organ, put

it there; if not bury it in oblivion, and I remain your strong brother in the common cause of humanity.

Respectfully, yours,  
E. G. HARDIST.

#### A Tale About a Head.

Jake, a little black negro who belonged to Dr. Taliaferro, was said to have in his little frame a heart as big as General Jackson's. He didn't fear even our respectable fellow-citizen, "Old Nick," and as for coolness, he was as cool as the tip top of the North Pole.

One day, Dr. Taliaferro, upon the occasion of the commencement of the Medical College, of which he held the chair of Anatomy, gave a dinner. Among his guests was a well known ventriloquist. Late in the evening, after the bottle had done its work, the conversation turned upon courage, and the Doctor boasted considerably of his favorite man, Jake. He offered to bet that nothing could scare him; and this bet the ventriloquist took up, naming at the same time the test he wanted imposed. Jake was sent for, and he came.

"Jake," said the Doctor, "I have bet a large sum of money on your head, and you must win it. Do you think that you can?"

"Berry well, master," replied Jake, "just tell dis nigger wat he's to do, and he do it, sure."

"I want you to go to the dissecting room. You will find two dead bodies there. Cut off the head of one, with a large knife that you will find there, and bring it to us. You must not take a light, however, and don't get frightened."

"Dat's all, is it?" inquired Jake. "Oh! berry well; I'll do dat sure for sartin, and as for being frightened, the debil ain't going to frighten me."

Jake accordingly set off, reached the dissecting room, and groped about until he found the knife and the bodies. He had just applied the former to the neck of the latter, when from the body he was about to decapitate, a hollow and sepulchral voice exclaimed—

"Let my head alone!"

"Yes, sah," replied Jake; "I ain't paricklar, and tudder head 'll do jes as well."

He accordingly put the knife to the neck of the other corpse, when another voice, equally unearthly in its tone, shrieked out—

"Let my head alone!"

Jake was puzzled at first, but answered presently—

"Loo-a-her! Massa Tolliver says I mus bring one ob de heads, and you isn't gwine to fool me no how!" and Jake hacked away until he separated the head from the body. Thereupon half-a-dozen voices screamed out—

"Bring it back! bring it back!"

Jake had reached the door, but on hearing this turned around and said—

"Now—now see yah! jes you keep quiet, you fool, and don't wake up the women folks. Massa's only gwine to look at de bumps."

"Bring back my head at once!" cried the voice.

"Tend to you right away, sah!" replied Jake, as he marched off with the head, and the next minute deposited it before the Doctor.

"So, you've got it, I see," said his master.

"Yes, sah," replied the unmoved Jake; "but please be done lookin' at him soon, kaze de gemmer told me to fetch him back right away."

As rivers and fountains proceed from the sea and return thither again, so true grace in the heart, as a fountain, sends forth all its streams towards God, the great ocean from whence it flowed.

Review your past actions.

BOURNEVILLE, July 30, '53.

BRO. CLARK:—It is quite a common thing for publishers of newspapers and the editorial fraternity in general, to take great credit to themselves for leading on and getting up most of the moral as well as political reforms of the day. I have thought it very strange that so few of that very intelligent class of our fellow citizens have the moral courage to unite with the friends of humanity in striving to procure the Maine Law; whilst, be it said to their shame, a few journals have been reckless enough to espouse the cause of the enemy. Is it not evident to every intelligent mind that the progress of the age demands such a reform. Why then should those guardians of the public morals shrink from the discharge of a duty so imperative? Has the underground saloon and those fashionable places of resort a greater claim upon their services than the law-abiding portion of community? Or is the influence and support of the rum party so formidable as to hold in awe and silence the press? Or does a majority of the editors still desire to roll the poison under their own tongues as a sweet morsel? If such is not the fact it is high time there was a waking up on the part of the numerous journals that up to the present have remained passive, and unite with the friends of humanity in despoiling the foul monsters from our midst. Does not experience teach that nothing short of extermination will ever accomplish the object contemplated? The different temperance organizations may expend all their ingenuity in the way of moral suasion, and unless the strong arm of the law is successfully invoked, the enemy will still triumph. Temperance societies and itinerant lecturers have done much to show forth the horrors of intemperance, and still it exists to an alarming extent.

Will the sober and reflecting portion of community for the sake of occasionally gratifying their appetites be the means of perpetuating a vice in our midst that is daily and hourly dealing out misery and death to thousands in our land?

When any great calamity happens by railroad accidents or steamboat explosions, the press is loud in its denunciations of the officers and managers of those crafts and their recklessness in the care of human life intrusted in their hands; and yet there are men quartered in almost every village and neighborhood dealing out misery and death, and strange how few there are to lend their sympathies to those who are so unfortunate as to fall under the influence of this the worst of calamities.

True, accidents of the former character are too frequent, and no doubt many of them are induced by a too frequent use of intoxicating liquors; but doubtless a goodly portion of those thus sacrificed go into the presence of their eternal judge free from the soul-damning influence of a life of debauchery and a death of shame. In view of these facts, and the untold misery that follow in the train of the liquor traffic, I am unable to devise the cause of this lethargy on the part of men of influence and intelligence. Our moral and social enjoyments demand a reform; reason and religion require it, and it is impossible for genuine piety to exist in a community where intemperance is the reigning vice.

R. P. M.

Quarantine had been established, at latest dates, at Natchez, Miss., to prevent the yellow fever from reaching that place; and in all the towns on the Mississippi, sanitary measures were adopted with a similar view.

A Masonic Lodge in Michigan has passed resolutions calling upon the Masonic Lodges throughout the country to unite in raising a fund for the purchase of Mt. Vernon, in order to save it from anticipated degradation.